A N

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

L A D Y C. B O Y N T O N.

L O N D O N:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

A N E L E G Y.

In every varied poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, buſy thought, too buſy for my peace!
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleaſing PAST;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſly ſtrays;
And finds all deſart NOW. YOUNG.

IN BURTON'S favourite groves—alaſs, how chang'd
By CHARLOTTE'S death! oft let me devious rove
Indulging grief; where gladſome once I rang'd,
In ſweet ſociety with peace and love.

Oft in the ſilent evening, all alone,
When ſolemn twilight ſhades the face of day,
The plaintive muſe ſhall hither waft her moan;
With tendereſt paſſion here inſpire my lay.

Theſe hours, allotted to that muſe's hand,
To lateſt time thy memory ſhall endear;
While ſoft ideas riſe at her command,
And in luxurious ſorrow prompt the tear.

Recal, ſoft frame of gentleneſs and love!
That calm, which triumph'd o'er thy parting breath;
That blooming texture by the graces wove:
—And are thoſe eyes for ever ſet in death?

One more—and then—farewel!—one lingering view
Tore my fond ſoul from all it held ſo dear:
'Twas o'er!—farewel—my joys: ſweet hope, adieu!
—Adieu, my Love!—We part for ever here:

No! in the ſtill of night, my reſtleſs thought
Purſues thy image through its change unknown;
Steals oft unnotic'd to the dreary vault,
And in that vale of ſorrows pours my own:

For, ſince the hour that clos'd our blooming ſcene,
Once has it wander'd from its darling truſt?
It ſounds thy voice; ſtill animates thy mien;
And haunts thy ſlumbers in the ſacred duſt.

Each conſcious walk of tenderneſs and joy,
Thy faithful partner oft alone ſhall tread;
Recount, while anguiſh heaves the frequent ſigh,
How bliſs on bliſs thy ſmiling influence ſhed!

Tho' mine be many—many rolling years!
Extatic thought ſhall linger ſtill on thee!
Time rolls in vain—remembrance, with her tears
—*You that have loſt an angel—pity me!*

Thy ſmiles were mine — were oft; and only mine;
Nor yet forſook me in the face of death:
E'en now they live — ſtill o'er thy beauties ſhine:
For fancy's magic can reſtore thy breath.

Painful reflection! — can the active mind
Which penetrates the vaſt expanſe of day,
Long languiſh in this palſied maſs confin'd,
Nor burſt theſe fetters of obtruding clay?

Ah, no! — She beckons me — for yet ſhe lives!
Lives in yon regions of unfading joy!
She points the fair reward that virtue gives;
— Which chance, nor change, nor ages can deſtroy!

Let folly animate this churliſh ſcene
With every bloom that fancy can ſupply!
Reflection bends not on a point ſo mean;
Nor courts this moment, ſince the next we die.

The deareſt objects haſten to decay:
(An awful leſſon to the penſive mind!)
My CHARLOTTE's beauties ſoon have paſs'd away:
Nor left, but in my heart, *a wreck behind!*

THE END.

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